

Sermon

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

In Memory
OF
ROBERT FITZGERALD UNIACKE,

RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S, HALIFAX

A

Tribute of Respect and Love

From his much attached friend and former Curate,

GEORGE W. HILL,

Rector of St. Paul's.

Preached in St. George's Church,

SUNDAY, JUNE 5, 1870.

PRINTED BY BLACKADAR BROTHERS.

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Psalm XC. 12:

*“So teach us to number our days, that we may
apply our hearts unto wisdom.”*

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“A prayer of Moses the man of God”—so reads the title of the Psalm. Let us, my Brethren, assume this statement to be authentic, and therefore that those, who placed the brief preface where it is, had good reason for attributing the authorship of this funeral dirge to one who lived long anterior to that royal poet who is styled “the sweet singer of Israel.” When read with the knowledge of its having been composed by the old lawgiver,—and probably just towards the close of the forty years’ wandering in the wilderness,—it is invested with additional power and with a pathos deeply touching. All the thoughts are manifestly the product of a retrospect of the long and eventful past. He was a man of venerable age when he entered upon the duties of that arduous office which had been assigned to him by God,—of leading out from the land of Egypt the oppressed children of Israel. Eighty summers had passed over him when he suddenly appeared in the palace of the Pharaohs’, and with the voice of authority demanded the liberty of his enslaved countrymen. Full forty years he had been an exile and an outlaw: that old story of his killing the Egyptian and burying him in the sand,—which had been the cause of his flight and long absence,—was in all probability well nigh forgotten, or perchance, but few knew anything of it save as a dim tradition come down from the preceding generation—all or most of whom must have passed away. Without warning he appeared as an ambassador in the Royal Court; his mission was of the first importance,

and his power was irresistible—he was the messenger of the Almighty—as the sure result to him who bare such credentials, his purpose was speedily attained. One morning he stood at the head of more than half a million of men in the vigor of life; men inured to toil and want, but ignorant, sensual, and wayward. The Red Sea within a few hours engulfed their old master and that great army with which he followed in hot haste the fugitives. The Rubicon was passed. Moses was the chief of a nation—the strangest nation the world ever saw—a nation of untutored serfs—men whose better feelings and higher sensibilities had been crushed out of them by oppression,—whose lowest instincts and grossest passions had been fostered by that sensual life which alone was open to them; a nation without a country, “no, not so much as to “set their foot on.” There, out in that “waste, howling wilderness,” were gathered the great horde, and he responsible for the support, the protection, the management and the guidance of them all. But, “strong in the Lord and in the power of his might” he was nerved to the arduous task, and for forty years he wisely and bravely went in and out among that great people. We all know the events and incidents of that unparalleled journey; the murmurings and rebellions, the complaints and quarrelings. Eight times did the dissatisfied tribes rise in mutiny against the law-giver, and eight times were they visited with punishment for their ingratitude and distrust. Among these events there was one of a signal nature which marked their career from the beginning. It repeated itself every day. Because of their unwillingness to go up and take possession of the promised land, the sentence of death, to be executed within a given period, was passed by God on the rebellious

host. Not one who had reached maturity, save the tribe of Levi, which came to Moses' assistance in the matter of the golden calf, and those two 'ruthful spies, Joshua and Caleb, ever saw the fertile hills and valleys of Palestine. When the tribes reached at last the border of that country, what wondrous changes had occurred! What a picture of the past for the aged soldier, statesman and servant of God to look back upon! What a series of dissolving views must have passed in rapid succession before his mind! Besides those first forty years of his life spent in the abode of royalty, and the second like period of time spent in the solitude of an obscure pasture land, there was this last era in his curiously contrasted course spent in the vast plain which rolled far away on every side of Mount Sinai. Two score years he had been marching hither and thither over this trackless, wind-swept desert—legislator, counsellor, judge and captain—commander in chief of a great army, absolute lawgiver, from whom there was no appeal save to the King Invisible. When, nearing the end of his period of control and of his own existence, he took a review of the past, what a crowd of saddening, solemnising thoughts must have rushed in upon his memory! Even of those with whom he had been associated during the latter section of his lengthened career how few were left. His cotemporaries were gone. His nearest friends had left their bones in some spot of the dreary barren—and long ere he and the tribes had reached the border line, the shifting sands had borne away all trace of their last resting places. Aaron, his brother, and Miriam, his sister, had struck their tents for ever. All the middle-aged and old men had departed, and even many quite young when they set out for the promised land,

sickened and died. Place and people—all had changed—there was nought abiding, all was transitory—*all* save Him who changeth not—the Eternal God.

Looking back on these vicissitudes, the venerable man, with a mind surcharged with mournful reflections gave vent to his feelings on the mutability of earthly things by turning heart and thought to Him who alone remained unchanged,—“Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.” He and the Israelites whom he had led had no certain dwelling place for years. The camp was removed incessantly, and at a moment’s notice from the moving cloud by day, or pillar of fire by night. The wilderness was not a dwelling place, it was a mere lodging place for a time, an inn on the highway, a temporary halting-ground for pilgrims. A faithful Hebrew looked up from the sands below to the God above—His faithfulness, as He Himself, had never changed; He was “the same yesterday, to-day and forever.” So speaking for himself and for all who like himself were true believers, the man of God uttered in a burst of confidence the sublime apostrophe, “Lord, *Thou* hast been our dwelling place in all generations.” God Himself was “His portion and his exceeding great reward.” Where God dwelt he would dwell, yea! God should ever be, and then was, his heart’s home. Weary and worn and travelstained—no earthly land in prospect,—since he knew that he could not enter Canaan—his rest was with his Father—He had no spot here that he could call his home, but the Lord had been more than a substitute for cities and homes.

☐ The text reads, “in all generations;” the margin reads, “in generation and generation.” It is thought by some, and reasonably so, that the writer by this expression is specifically referring to the fact of all

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that particular generation which came out of Egypt, having passed away and having been succeeded by another. This vast host of responsible beings having thus been removed during this brief space of time, leads him to think of God's immutability, that though the six hundred thousand had died, He still lived who had been living from Eternity. Thus he goes on to say: "Before the mountains were brought forth, or even thou hadst formed the earth, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God." How different were the creatures of His hand! their years were in His keeping to lengthen or curtail them. "Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, return, ye children of men." When dust returned to its dust it was at His bidding, and thus he adds, that even though man should live, as in the beginning, for a thousand years, the period was, in God's sight, but as yesterday when it is past; or brief as the fleeting watch of three hours in the night which glides away while men sleep. Having once touched on this feature of human existence, the Psalmist dwells upon it, producing in quick succession one metaphor after another. Men, he says, are swept off the earth as by a flood which bears with resistless force all before it; their life is as a sleep, or as the grass of the field flourishing in the morning, cut down and withering in the evening; or as a tale that is told. Such are the figures by which the author of the sacred song represents the shortness of life on earth. Looking sadly on the past, and feeling like one left alone by all his comrades,—gathering up the details of the long story into a narrow compass—the brevity of man's life—he turns from earth to heaven, from mortals who die to the immortal who cannot die, and offers up the earnest prayer, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." This then

Brethren, is the practical lesson. So teach us from these and like events to see the small number of our days, that we may be led thereby to seek that wisdom which alone can make us wise unto salvation. It is one thing to know as a fact, that life is short,—quite another thing to make a right use of that knowledge. The end of learning the rapidity with which this existence rolls away is not to sentimentalise and romance, not to draw in graphic colour poetic pictures, not to indulge in dreamy reveries of the past; it is that we may “apply our hearts unto wisdom,” that like the lawgiver of Israel our one aim may be to obtain the wisdom which cometh down from above, and which, because emanating from God, can never fail to guide through the tortuous, tangled web of this lower life and safely lead through that dark valley over which Death throws his gloomy, sombre shadow.

Such a prayer is not offered in vain. Since Moses’ day many a one has presented at the mercy seat the same petition, and received, as he, a gracious answer,—traversing the world in the “light of life” until “travelling days were done.” “A prayer of Moses, the man of God.” Was it not the prayer of another father in Israel to whose guidance we have for forty years been wont to look up?—of another “man of God?” of another leader of the sacramental host of the elect? Full of years and of honors,—of honors not of this world, for he neither sought nor wished for rank or title, even within his own chosen sphere—but of honors in Christ’s living Church, of souls converted and believers edified, your friend and mine, the dear old father of his flock has gone down to his grave. In a good old age he in his turn has been gathered to his fathers “like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.” Like Moses he could not take his people

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the promised land; for like Moses he must die and leave that to our Joshua, even Jesus Himself. None but Christ can save, and this none knew better than your beloved Rector, and none more clearly and unequivocally and incessantly proclaimed the eternal truth---that there is none other name given under Heaven among men whereby we can be saved than the name of Jesus Christ. Most consistent was his career from the beginning to the end as to the doctrines which he held and taught. The great cardinal truths of Christianity were ever unvaryingly proclaimed and warmly defended by him. To original sin, justification by faith, sanctification by the spirit, the positive certainty of faith producing holiness, the absolute necessity of the justified sinner living in the constant use of the means of grace,—in prayer, in the study of the divine word, in attendance upon all God's ordinances,—his house, the table of the Lord; to these and their kindred doctrines he adhered with a firmness which no time nor circumstance nor influence could weaken, he held them with a grasp strong as a giant's, he retained them as with an iron vice.

Very early in life he was deeply impressed by some sermons which were preached in St. Paul's Church by a Minister* who, though not connected with the Parish, frequently officiated there. The Gospel Message, as delivered by this servant of God, so affected him that he retired to his own room for reflection and prayer. There, separated from the outer world, having entered into his closet and shut to his door and prayed to his Father which seeth in secret, his Father rewarded him openly. There the Lord opened his heart, and he believed. This was in the very beginning of his manhood, in the strong spring-tide

* Rev. Isaac Temple, Tutor to Lord Dalhousie.

of life, when he was surrounded by powerful temptations from without, and when he had already commenced his studies for the legal profession. So strong and abiding was the influence of these new born feelings over his own soul, that he determined to abandon the study of the law and devote himself to the ministry of the Church of Christ. The time for his ordination arrived, and proceeding to England whither he went, because of the absence of Bishop Stanser from this Diocese, he was ordained in London and immediately appointed to a curacy in one of the Southern Counties where he sought to serve his chosen Lord and Master, among a rural population—preaching the Gospel of our blessed Saviour in the little village of Fishbourne, not far from Chichester. Time and again has he told me the tale of his early ministerial course in that picturesque and retired scene. With fondest feelings he would revert to his old friends and his former associations;—often relating the stand which by God's grace he was enabled in his youth to take with regard to the British and Foreign Bible Society, of which, as you are aware, he was, in this Province, the honored President for some years past. There had been a warm controversy in those days concerning this God-blessed Institution, and such was the extraordinary, unaccountable view maintained by men holding high positions in the ecclesiastical establishment, that they looked with marked disapprobation on this noble organization for disseminating the Sacred Scriptures. Into the strange reasons which influenced these people we need not enter; happily, the view then taken in England has long since been discarded by their successors. But so strong was the objection then entertained that his friends warned the young Curate that

if he joined the Society the act would bring him into disfavor with those in power, and would be likely to damage his future prospects. Then it was that the well-defined, unmistakeable principles which he had adopted came into action, the identical principles which in later life were so fully developed. He took his stand upon the BIBLE, God's written word. That, he believed, was the most precious gift which could be presented to his fellow-men, and to circulate that word he felt to be at once an honor and a duty. Whoever revered and loved that precious volume which told perishing men of the way of life through Jesus Christ, were his brethren, and with all these he resolved, at all hazards, to unite, in order that he might help to send forth its life-giving truths to the far-off regions of the earth. Little recked he the consequence when God called him to the work—

“Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other views his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.”

Thus, Brethren, with colors unfurled, he began his career, and thus he continued to the end.

In the course of two or three years circumstances opened the door for him to return and preach the Gospel in the land which gave him birth, and which he so ardently loved. He was in the first full strength of young life, when in 1825 he entered upon the duties, the cares and the pleasures of a Ministerial life, as the Rector of this important Parish. At once he began with vigor to organize Sunday and Day Schools, inaugurating, in a systematic manner, means of Education, both religious and secular, for the children of the poor and the thoughtless,—to institute various devotional services, which might tend to promote the spiritual welfare of those committed to his

charge. Well do I remember, when yet a mere lad, hearing a conversation between two old gentlemen, who, with myself, were storm-staid at Windsor one dark, wintry day,—and listening with great interest to what they were saying—“that the change which had been effected in the North End of the town, through Mr. Uniacke’s instrumentality, had been very wonderful.” Especially, did they speak of the good which had been done among the children. At that time, I had never, to my knowledge, seen the Rector, having spent much of my youth in the country; but the conversation of these two worthy men laid the foundation of my respect for him, and has ever remained fresh in my memory.

It is not probable that more than two or three persons are now living who can accurately remember the condition of this sacred edifice when he assumed charge. It was not as it is now; but in a rough and unfinished state. He entered with zeal into its completion, repair and enlargement. A friendly people strengthened his hands; the work progressed; church and school room were soon fitted for the accommodation of worshippers and pupils. God prospered him. Full of zeal and endued with physical strength, he went through the length and breadth of his allotted field,—by day and night attending to the spiritual wants of his people. Suddenly that frightful disease, the Asiatic Cholera, broke out in the town with malignant fury and resistless power. Immediately, he girded himself to meet the foe. As when that terrible scourge, the small-pox, visited the city a short time previously, his own house and stable had been converted into an hospital for the reception of its numerous victims, so now the one became the resort for medicinal relief of those attacked by this dreadful sickness, and the other

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the common receptacle for every article of clothing and bedding needful to the comfort of the poor and friendless as they lay ill and suffering. At once he rose equal to the emergency of being a physician and nurse, as well as a minister in holy things—to learn, as by instinct, how to minister to the body as well as to the soul. Fearless and tireless he went up and down the streets, entering this house and that; by the light of his lantern penetrating into garret, cellar and courtyard—administering under the physician's directions the needful medicine, and then pointing the sufferer to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world:"

"Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt and pains by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul,
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise
And his last faltering accents whispered praise."

In the course of a few years he was visited with an attack of Bronchitis, which was so alarming, as to compel him to cease for a time from active duty. He then paid a visit to England and returned, after a short sojourn in that country, somewhat improved. It would not on this occasion be possible to enter into all the particulars of his ministerial life after his resumption of parochial duties. Permit me, my old old friends and Parishioners, to refer to that period of time in which I became intimately acquainted with him and you, and to a most important part of my life indissolubly bound up with his and yours. At the close of the year 1847 I was invited by him to become the Curate of this Parish. The appointment was gladly accepted, and in the last month of the year I was in this sacred building set apart for the work of an Evangelist. He welcomed me with a Father's greeting, and for well nigh seven years he treated me with a Father's love.

In looking over that long space of time, one unbroken scene of friendship appears. Only once can I remember his passing censure on some act of mine connected with the management of the Sunday School, and that was so trifling and insignificant that he entirely forgot it, and only a few weeks ago—almost the last time I saw him—he referred to these pleasant seven years of love and harmony, saying, that he could not recall a single unpleasant word or act between us. Happy were the days we spent together; intimate in social and ministerial life and unitedly holding the lamp of truth for those around us.

The late Rector of this Parish was a man of his own type. He held a position peculiarly his own—both among his brethren of the ministry and his fellow citizens. He was himself and no one else. Strong in his convictions, he was immovable as a rock. Thoroughly evangelical in his views, he ever openly avowed them. Nothing could tempt him to swerve from the line marked out, as he believed, by the word of God and confirmed by the Articles, the Liturgy and the Homilies of our church to which, as you must well remember he constantly referred; indeed, more frequently than any clergyman with whose public ministrations I am acquainted. On the grand verities of the Revelation of God to man he was as immovable as he was clear. Whether the tide flowed or ebbed, whether the storm raged or the sun shone, *there stood the rock*. Neither tempest nor calm weather made a difference. Fear and favour were alike to him; he had built his faith and doctrine on Him who was the true Rock, even the Rock of ages. If, occasionally, he seemed by his inborn kindness of feeling to others to compromise his own views, one only had to hear him afterward express his opinions either to those whom he had generously

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 ate in social humor that there is scarcely a person in the community
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 and will not hereafter, remember more sayings than one
 an of his own of his which shall cause an involuntary smile to play
 is own—both upon the face. Often have I seen him majestically
 his fellow citi dignified, and proudly indignant, at the recital or the
 Strong in his commission of moral wrong; but it was rare indeed
 Thoroughly that his feelings obtained the mastery of his judgment.
 vowed them. Who can forget the dear, kindly old man, com-
 om the line ing into our houses as if they were his own, and yet
 l of God and ever remembering that he was a guest? One of the
 the Homilies family he felt himself to be, but never intruded into
 ll remember the position of the host, nor assumed to learn any-
 quently than thing which came not within the limits of the Pas-
 rations I am tor's office. How cheerily he spoke to our children,
 e Revelation as he took them on his knee and drew near the fire;
 he was clear and how, though he made them smile and loudly
 or the storm laugh, and grow good-humored with some merry tale,
 k. Neither or with the graphic recital of some scene of his early
 e. Fear and childhood, he invariably took advantage of having
 his faith and gained their friendship by telling them some solemn
 en the Rock truth, at which their young faces changed from gay
 his inborn to grave, and evidenced the deep impression which
 se his own his observations made. Who of us will forget that
 rd express stately, king-like form, whose presence of itself com-
 generously manded silence and respect, when he entered the
 chamber of sickness or death? He could be cheer-

ful, light-hearted and joyous as a child; but when the hour of trial and bereavement came, no manner more profoundly solemn, no countenance more sternly grave, no tongue more fully gifted to utter the words, and apply the promises of Christ. Ere old age and declining health came upon him, who of you, my Brethren, did not feel that it was a friend and father who crossed your threshold when he went to visit you; and though you sometimes found fault with him, it was fault-finding which cheered his genial heart,—the fault of his not coming oftener to your homes.

And how God blessed him in his work. Well nigh half a century he labored in the field. What are the results? Some are known, others are unknown. But, first, there are the souls converted to God under his ministry—how many we shall not learn until the day when all secrets are disclosed; but we dare not doubt that the number is large, for he was, emphatically, a preacher of the pure Gospel of the grace of God. He knew nothing, but Jesus Christ and Him crucified as the foundation of the sinner's hope. Then, how many of the body of Christ he edified, how many of the saints he perfected, how many believers he built up in their most holy faith, let many still living bear witness, as many who have gone hence long since testified. Look at the Parish as to its material condition. Here is this old Church that he loved so well bearing to-day the mark of being under the care of one who felt it a duty and pleasure to see all in God's house "done decently and in order." At the Village near by is that quiet, plain and simple sanctuary, with its accompanying school house, standing in the midst of the peaceful church-yard where two days ago we laid him down to rest until the glorious Resurrection. At

Lakelands, near Mount Uniacke, another Church appears which he felt himself called upon to lend his aid in building, because of his connection with the neighborhood through his ownership of valuable property. He gave spiritual things for carnal. At Richmond his last great work of faith and labor of love stands as a monument to that zeal and liberality which characterized him from youth to old age. His head, his heart, his means, were given to the work which God assigned him. May many souls find each of these to be none other than a house of God and a gate to Heaven. To you, my Brethren, who are assembled each Lord's Day within the walls of this sacred place, it will be long before the outline of his noble form and solemn countenance will in the least fade from memory.

At Church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past * * * *
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile,
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest ;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given ;
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven,
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Was it not thus with our loved and honored friend ? Whatever his cares, his griefs, his pleasures, all his innermost, ruling, governing thoughts were concerning Christ and His Church. Any one who really knew him saw this clearly ; and those who knew him best saw it most. No matter how far off his thoughts might seem to be, a sudden turn was given by him to the subject under discussion, which

proved what was the prevailing sentiment,—the underlying principle,—which ever actuated him. The revealed verities of Christianity, the great eternities of Heaven and Hell were the controlling thoughts of his mind.

During his last illness, believe me, my friends, he was thoroughly absorbed with anxious thoughts concerning you. His Parish and its welfare were the topics of his conversation. See him when I would, miserable, weak and oppressed as he was, he talked with deep earnestness on your interests, and discussed with eagerness and intense anxiety your prospects when in the good Providence of God he should be called away. He appeared to utterly lose sight of self, and to be pre-occupied with care for you. How pleased, how more than simply pleased, you must now be, at having sent to him a few days ago that affectionate address of sympathy with which to cheer and comfort his closing course. It was wisely as it was lovingly done; not waiting to say what you thought and felt after death had closed his ears and shut his eyes, and stopped the pulses of his warm heart, so that he could know nothing of those strong emotions which impelled you to give them form. You must be gladdened to know that he was greatly gratified, and that though he did not, as he said, *need* your expression of feeling as a proof of your love, he hailed the warm loving words with sincerest delight.

At this time he was visibly sinking; loss of appetite, and long-continued painful fits of excessive coughing were day by day exhausting his remaining strength, insomuch that he was unable to see and converse with any of his friends outside of the circle immediately around him. As he grew weaker and drew nearer the confines of the world to come, he

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manifested the same deep humility and simple faith in Jesus which characterized him through life. The frequent confession of his own sinfulness and utter unworthiness found vent in the prayer which in days past he was wont to present at the throne of Grace—"Lord, have mercy upon me a miserable sinner." But while thus feeling and acknowledging his sins, and "having no confidence in the flesh" he rejoiced in Christ Jesus—just in proportion as he saw his own nothingness so he saw Christ's all-sufficiency—at a moment of comparative freedom from pain he turned to a relative standing near and recited with emphasis that blessed text as the one foundation of his hope—"The blood of Jesus Christ His son cleanseth us from all sin." When almost too weak to utter words he broke the silence of the night watches with as much of the well known verse as his failing powers would permit him to repeat, "The lamb of God" and added in tones of comfort and trust the last words that he spoke on earth, "To whom else should I look now?" That reassuring address of our blessed Lord, "It is I, be not afraid," had for some weeks past been much upon his mind; and on his alluding some time previously to the passage, these comforting words were repeated to him: "And the Lord he it is that doth go before thee; He will be with thee; He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee, fear not, neither be dismayed," when immediately he added, "And behind me," doubtless thinking of some such verse as that in the Psalm, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even for me." Thus to the end he retained the glorious truth, "The Eternal God is the refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

Long, dear Brethren, might we this morning dwell on pleasing reminiscences of that venerable man whose form was familiar to us as the scenery around us, and whose voice as the ripple of the waters which lave our shores. We might recall those features of his character which so much contributed to that geniality which he carried wherever he went; his love for nature; his gentleness towards all the brute creation, and his carefulness that they should be kindly treated; his admiration of all the works of God in the forest and the field. You know how he loved the trees, and planted them everywhere, watching their growth with the utmost interest, and thinking of the grateful shade they would offer to the little children that he loved so well long years after he had gone. May each of the thousands that he planted on earth be an emblem of a tree of the Lord's right hand planting through him in the Paradise above!

The work is over. He is at home. The silver chord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, and the mourners go about the streets because he has gone to his long home. Dear Brethren, let him preach to you now as he never preached before,—let his fresh grave speak out the solemn warnings which he so often uttered here, "Prepare to meet thy God." "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." Unbelievers! tho' ye loved him for his own sake, ye did not while he lived heed his invitation to come to Christ and so love him for his master's sake; recall his message now—give your hearts and lives to that Jesus of whom he preached, that ye may follow him whither he has gone. Believers, forget not his counsel and his instruction. They were drawn from the pure word of God—the well spring of the living water. Seek, as he would have you seek, the Holy spirit's in-dwelling in

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the heart. May ye all be blessed indeed by his death and not one be wanting in the day when God makes up his jewels; then shall the sacred requiem pronounced at his grave have its complete realization. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors: and their works *do follow them*."

APPENDIX.

The late Rector of St. George's Parish, the Reverend Robert Fitzgerald Uniacke, was the fourth son of the Hon. Richard John Uniacke, for many years His Majesty's Attorney General in the Province of Nova Scotia, and was born and baptized in the Parish of St. Paul, Halifax, in the year 1797. His education was received under Dr. Wright, Head Master of the Grammar School in this town, the Rev. William C. King, Principal of the Collegiate School, Windsor, and under Drs. Porter and Cochran, respectively, President and Vice-President of the University of King's College, Windsor, which institution he entered in the year 1814. After passing through his Collegiate course, and taking his degree, he began the study of the law in his father's office, but influenced by strong convictions that he was called to the sacred ministry, he abandoned the idea of entering the legal profession, and turned his attention to theology. The Bishop of this Diocese being absent from the Province, Mr. Uniacke proceeded to England, for the purpose of receiving Ordination. This he speedily effected. On June 2nd, 1822, he was admitted to Deacon's orders, by the Bishop of London, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, and on March 23rd, 1823, he was ordained Presbyter by the Bishop of Chester. An appointment to a Curacy was accepted by him, and he remained in England for several years, officiating in the Churches of Fishbourne and Mid Lavent, little villages distant about a mile from Chichester, in the County of Sussex. He was not destined, however, to labor as a Minister of the Gospel in the old country. Circumstances led to his return to his native land; and in 1825 he assumed the duties of Pastor of St. George's, which was soon erected into a Parish by an order of the Governor in Council. In 1830 he was married to Miss Elizabeth G. Francklin, daughter of James Boutineau Francklin, Esq., and granddaughter of Michael Francklin, who was born in Poole, Devonshire, England.

Though Mr. Uniacke entered at a very early age upon the responsible and onerous office of Rector of St. George's Parish, he proved himself equal to the position. The Church was in an unfinished state; he soon put it in order, and considerably enlarged it. A school-room was built, and

he obtained a liberal grant of money from the Legislature to pay the salaries of a master and mistress, thus providing, through his exertion and influence, an almost free education for the children of the North End of the Town. The boys were taught in the new school house, the girls in the old German Church. The Rectory was built at his suggestion, and its erection made possible by a liberal offer from himself in reference to the means. The Village Church, as it is usually called, was the next object of his attention, and in 1844 it was, through his unwearied efforts, begun and soon completed, and opened for public worship. In its immediate neighborhood stands the school house, equally indebted to him, a building in which he spent some of the happiest hours of his life during that period of time in which it was presided over by the late lamented Thomas Wilson, whom he appointed as master, and for whom he obtained from the Colonial Church and School Society a yearly allowance. At Lakelands, near his own well-known property, the hospitable Mount Uniacke, he was one of the foremost in the building of that sacred edifice which stands on the old highway between Windsor and Halifax; and those who knew him well can testify how unceasing were his attempts to secure for it the services of a clergyman, and how, when he gained his point, both his house and his purse were open for the Minister's comfort and support. Near the Railway Depot, at Richmond, stands St. Mark's Church, built within the last two or three years, for the accommodation of the increasing population in that district. This really beautiful, carefully built, well ordered Church, drew out his liveliest interest. He spared neither time nor pains to make it worthy of its purpose, and finally wound up all his thought and labor for it, by drawing out a cheque for some hundreds of pounds, and paying every debt contracted. During this last winter, when so ill that he could with difficulty talk or walk, he set about the enlargement and repair of his first school room, watching with delight its progress, and looking forward with great pleasure to its completion. Only two days before his spirit left its tabernacle he inquired eagerly of the architect "if all were done," and was anxious to settle the account. Such were some of his public parochial acts. The record can speak for itself. Of his connection with the Benevolent and Religious Societies, of his own District Visiting Society, and Society for Missions to the heathen, of his large-hearted sympathy with every good work inaugurated in the city, of his friendly co-operation with his brethren in the Ministry, of whatever name, who held fast to the great cardinal doctrines of Christianity, as summed up in the Apostle's Creed; of his deep

interest in the Protestant Orphans' Home, and his zealous help in maintaining and directing the Home for the Aged; of all these we need not speak at length. His name is blended with them all by the work which he did. Mr. Uniacke preached his last sermon in St. George's Church, on Sunday, May 1st, from one of those texts upon which he so delighted to dwell, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." So overcome was he by the effort that it was with difficulty he went from the Vestry to the Rectory. His disease, which was aggravated Bronchitis, increased; he lingered on until June the 1st, when about midday he put off the mortal tabernacle,—was "absent from the body and present with the Lord."

Ere I close this brief Memoir of one whom I so sincerely loved,—it will not be out of place to put on record one of the last notes which he ever wrote, and which was addressed to a friend in a time of domestic affliction. True sympathy, love and thoughtfulness are breathed throughout it. Nor was he content with this expression of kindly feeling, but, suffering and debilitated as he was, exerted himself to come out and pay a long visit to the house of mourning, the last visit which he ever paid, an effort to carry consolation to those who were in sorrow. The note will tell its own tale:

Wednesday, April 20th.

DEAR MR. HILL,—

I regret I cannot be with you on the trying occasion of this morning, and perform the last sad office; but I was very unwell yesterday and last night, and cannot venture out this damp morning. There is one on High who will be with you and Mrs. Hill, and speak comfort to the weary-troubled spirit, "Peace, be still, it is I." What a thought, "*eternal glory*," absent from the body with Christ, released from all the accumulated trials of this sad world, taken from the "evil to come." "Our light affliction but for a moment," &c., &c. "O Death, where is thy sting," &c., &c., &c.

The sorrows of your hearts are enlarged; may the light of a Saviour's everlasting love come in and disperse this passing cloud. Ere long, how soon, you and I and all of us will mingle our dust in that hallowed spot, awaiting a joyful resurrection.

I must, if possible, help you on next Sabbath, perhaps at night if strong enough. Kind regards to Mrs. Hill, and love to the children, who will miss the little Lamb from the Fold, now with Jesus in glory.

Affectionately yours,

R. F. UNIACKE.

The Rev. G. W. HILL.

A week or two previous to his death his parishioners thoughtfully presented him with the following address, rightly thinking that it would comfort and cheer him to be reassured of how truly he lived in their hearts :

To the Rev. Robert Fitzgerald Uniacke, Rector of St. George's :
 REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—

We, the Church Wardens, Vestry, Pew Holders and Parishioners of the Parish of Saint George, Halifax, desire to express our united and very deep sympathy with you in your present illness, which in the Providence of God confines you to your sick chamber.

Many of us have been born and baptized during the period of your long Rectorship (upwards of 45 years); others have been married, and have brought up families, while many, near and dear to our hearts, who have listened to your faithful preaching of the Gospel of Christ, who were brought to the saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, to whom you have broken the bread of life, and been comforted by you in the hour of sorrow and sickness, have passed from time into a glorious eternity. These are things, Reverend and dear Sir, which strongly endear you to us all, with the deep and tender emotions of children to a father, and draw forth our warmest feelings towards you in this the hour of your sickness and trial.

We hope it is unnecessary for us to give you this written tribute of our respect, esteem, and sympathy; but we are most anxious that you should now be comforted with the same comfort that you have so affectionately and faithfully given to so many of your congregation; and that you may have the assurance that we will not cease to pray,—that he, in whose hands are our times, may (if it be His will, and for your happiness and His glory) raise you up again to continue your labors amongst us, and that the strong consolations and support of the "Comforter" may never be absent from you.

We would also offer our respectful and affectionate regards to your beloved, devoted and amiable lady, who lives in the hearts of the Congregation.

We are, Reverend and dear Sir,

Respectfully and faithfully yours,

Signed by WARDENS, VESTRY, AND PARISHIONERS.

Halifax, 14th May, 1870.

On June 3rd the venerable man was borne to his last resting place, followed by almost the whole of the community. He sleeps beneath the Village Church, "awaiting a joyful resurrection."

G. W. H.